

ALL NEW MATERIAL! 32 PAGES OF THRILLS!

CHARLIE CHAN

**CHARLIE
CHAN**
EARL DERR
BIGGERS'
WORLD
FAMOUS
DETECTIVE

DEC.-JAN.
No. 4
10¢



LOOK, POP!
BROWNELL HAS
FOUND **THE STATUE**
OF THE **GOLDEN**
GODDESS -- AND
HAS FALLEN
VICTIM TO
HER SWORD!

ADVISE CAUTION FOR
NUMBER-ONE-SON!
NOT EVEN LEGENDARY
SWORD CAN LEAVE
BULLET WOUND IN
BACK! CHARLIE CHAN
PREDICT BROWNELL'S
PARTNER SOMEWHERE
IN RUINS!

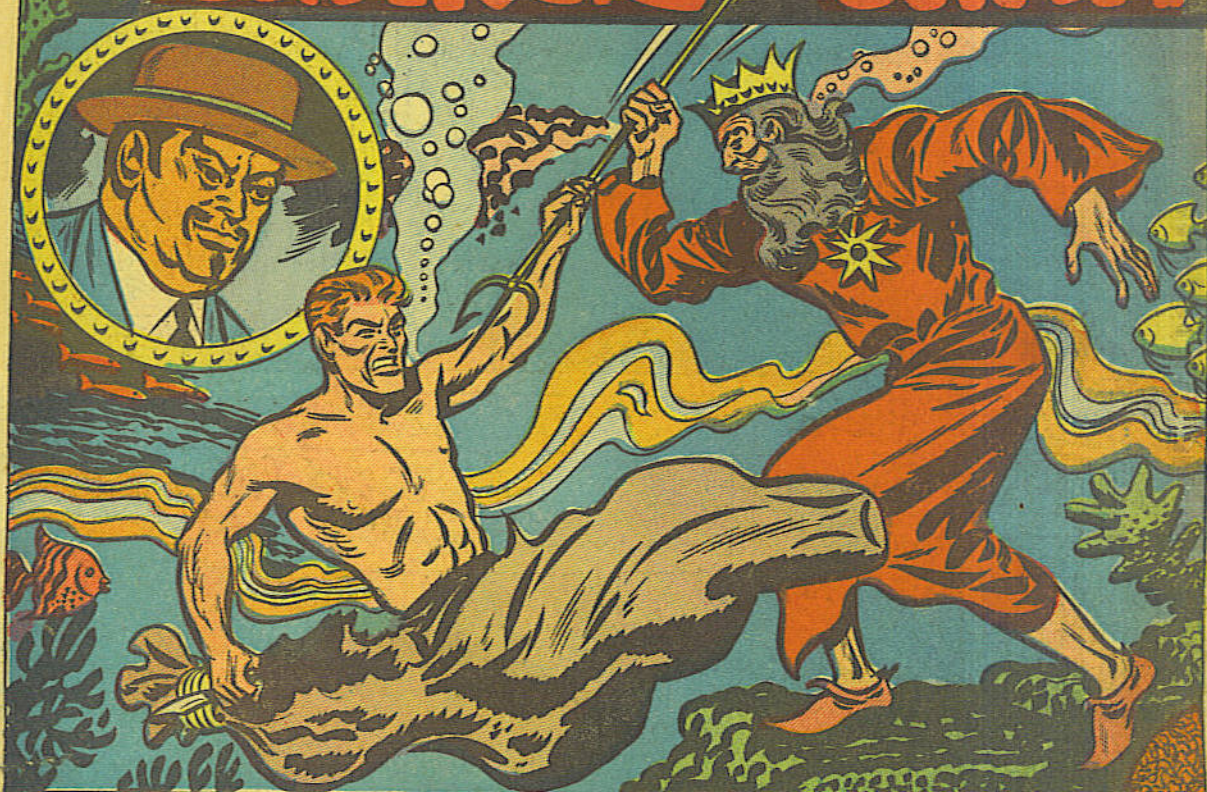


HEARD COAST TO COAST,
MUTUAL NETWORK
EVERY MONDAY NIGHT



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

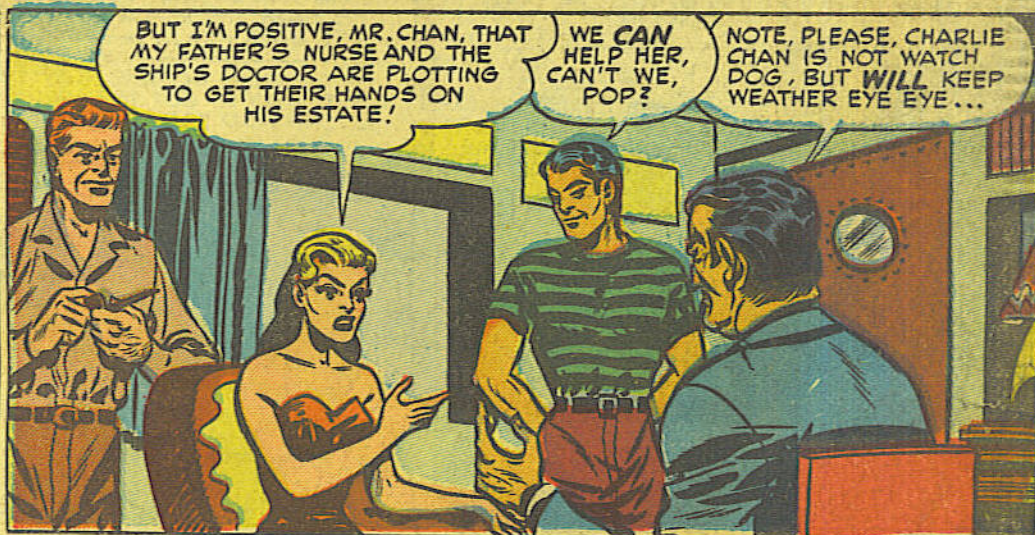
CHARLIE CHAN



BOUND FOR RIO TO SOLVE A BAFFLING MURDER CASE, THE INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS CHARLIE CHAN IS UNEXPECTEDLY DRAGGED INTO THE UNDERTOW OF MURDER FOR MILLIONS AND PITS HIS SHREWD CUNNING AGAINST THE SHIP'S COMPANY TO BRING TO JUSTICE THE CONSPIRATORS IN...

The BURIAL-AT-SEA MURDER MYSTERY!

CHARLIE CHAN RECEIVES UNEXPECTED VISITORS IN THE PERSONS OF THE BEAUTIFUL HEIRESS, CLAIRE VAN NORSE AND HER HANDSOME FIANCEE, DON MARTIN...



BUT I'M POSITIVE, MR. CHAN, THAT MY FATHER'S NURSE AND THE SHIP'S DOCTOR ARE PLOTTING TO GET THEIR HANDS ON HIS ESTATE!

WE CAN HELP HER, CAN'T WE, POP?

NOTE, PLEASE, CHARLIE CHAN IS NOT WATCH DOG, BUT *WILL* KEEP WEATHER EYE EYE...



LATER... I THINK I'LL GET SOME FRESH AIR, POP...

MISERABLE SON BE CAREFUL USE NOSE **ONLY** FOR FRESH AIR AND NOT STICK IN VAN NORSE PRIVATE AFFAIRS!



DON'T WORRY... YOU KNOW ME, POP!

UNFORTUNATELY, YES!



WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO SHOW US SOME MORE ORIENTAL MAGIC, YOU CUTE BOY, YOU?

MAYBE AFTER LUNCH, MISS VAN NORSE! YOU'RE SORT OF CUTE YOURSELF!



HOT DOG! MISS VAN NORSE **SMILED** AT ME AGAIN! SHE MUST LIKE ME A LOT... I'VE GOT TO HELP HER, NO MATTER WHAT POP SAYS!



THE MULTI-MILLIONAIRE, VICTOR VAN NORSE, MAKES A CODICIL TO HIS WILL, WITNESSED BY THE CAPTAIN AND THE SHIP'S DOCTOR ...

LOCK THAT UP IN YOUR SAFE FOR ME, WILL YOU, CAPTAIN?.. AND NOW LET'S HAVE FUN. WHAT TIME DO WE CROSS THE EQUATOR?

ABOUT SIX BELLS THIS AFTERNOON.



I THINK MR. VAN NORSE SHOULD TAKE A NAP NOW IF HE'S GOING TO BE AT NEPTUNE'S COURT THIS AFTERNOON, DON'T YOU, DOCTOR?

BY ALL MEANS! I PRESCRIBE IT!

DOGGONE IT, I **NEVER** HAVE ANY FUN. SLEEP, SLEEP, SLEEP! THAT'S ALL YOU LET ME DO!

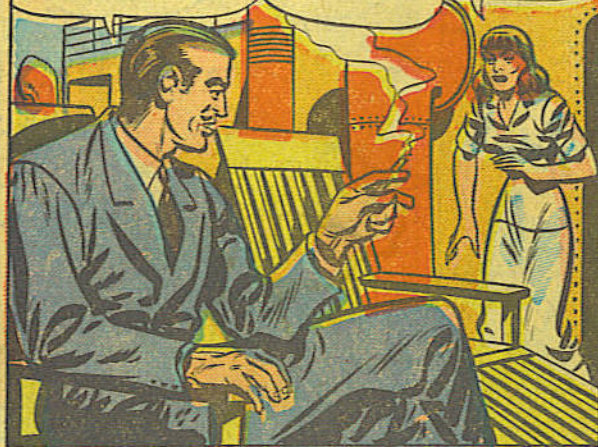


THE CAPTAIN OF THE "SOUTHERN SEAS" LOCKS IN HIS SAFE THE IMPORTANT PAPER THAT VAN NORSE GAVE HIM ...

AND NOW IF THAT NURSE AND THE SHIP'S DOCTOR PLAY THEIR CARDS RIGHT, THEY'LL GET THE VAN NORSE MILLIONS AND I'LL GET **MY** SHARE!

WELL, DARLING, DID YOU FINALLY GET THE OLD COOT OFF TO SLEEP?

HE WAS SO EXCITED, IT TOOK AN **EXTRA** DOSE OF SLEEPING PILLS!



NUMBER ONE SON GETS AN EARFUL ...

I'M SO NERVOUS... I WISH IT WAS ALL OVER! I JUST **KNOW** THAT HATEFUL DAUGHTER OF HIS SUSPECTS SOMETHING!

NONSENSE! YOU'RE IMAGINING THINGS! REMEMBER, THE **CAPTAIN'S** ON OUR SIDE, AND WITH A FEW MORE SLEEPING PILLS THE VAN NORSE MILLIONS WILL BE OURS!



AND WHAT MIGHT YOU BE DOING, SONNY?



HELLO, CAPTAIN.. I-I-I WAS J-J JUST ENJOYING THE VIEW!

LOOKS TO ME, YOUNG MAN, LIKE YOU WERE USING YOUR **EARS** MORE THAN YOUR **EYES**!



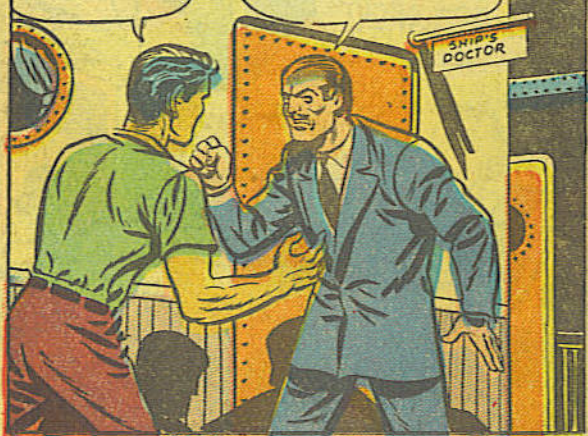
THIS BOY MUST BE SEASICK, CAPTAIN. I'VE GOT SOME PILLS IN MY OFFICE THAT WILL FIX HIM UP QUICK!

OH, NO, DOCTOR... PLEASE LET GO OF MY ARM. I'M ALL RIGHT, HONEST!



BUT I NEVER HEARD A THING, DOCTOR. HONEST!

JUST REMEMBER THIS: ONE WORD OUT OF YOU AND I'LL THROW YOU INTO SICK-BAY!

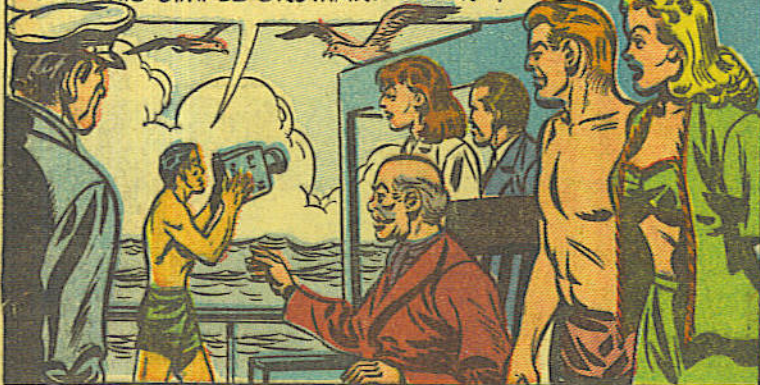


GOSH, I'D BETTER KEEP MY MOUTH SHUT! POP **WARNED** ME NOT TO MIX IN THE VAN NORSE AFFAIRS... AND IF I TELL MISS VAN NORSE, THE DOC MIGHT FIND OUT, THROW ME INTO SICK BAY AND LET ME DROWN!



AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF KING NEPTUNE TO INITIATE THE NEOPHYTES WHO HAVE NEVER CROSSED THE EQUATOR BEFORE, NUMBER ONE ENTERTAINS WITH SOME MAGIC...

OBSERVE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I WILL NOW CAPTURE YON SEA GULL BY SHOOTING WITH THIS SIMPLE ORDINARY CAMERA!



THAT'S ONE TIME YOU MISSED, SONNY!

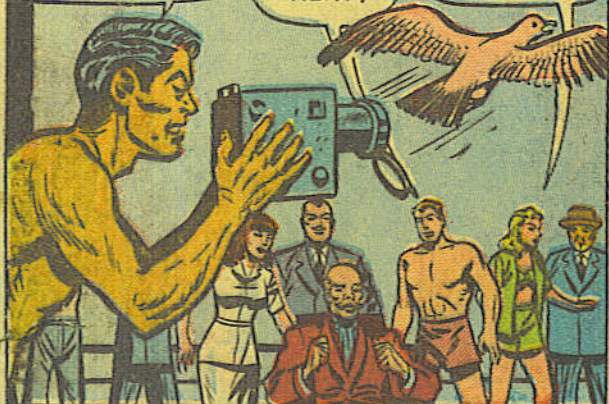
A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO ON THE RAIL!



BUT NO, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, OBSERVE CAPTURED SEA GULL AGAIN AT LIBERTY!

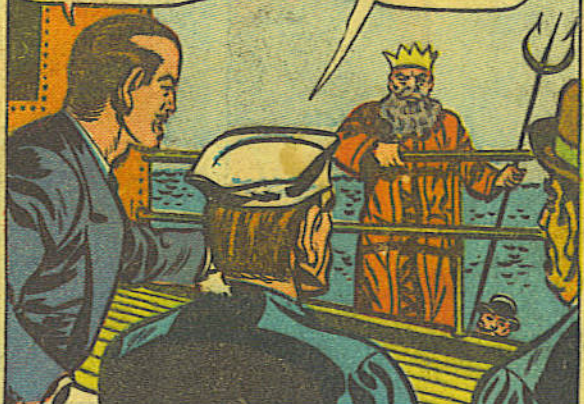
SAY, THAT BOY'S ALL RIGHT! NOW WHAT'S NEXT?

YOU SHOULD BE VERY PROUD OF YOUR SON, MR. CHAN!



AH, AT LAST SOME REAL FUN! HERE COMES KING NEPTUNE AND HIS COURT RISING FROM THE SEA!

I HOPE HE BROUGHT SOME FRESH FISH... I'M TIRED OF CANNED SALMON!



UP THE SHIP'S LADDER COMES THE CAPTAIN, DISGUISED AS KING NEPTUNE...

CAREFUL, BOYS, DON'T PUSH!

BEGGIN' YOUR PARDON, BUT YOUR FOOT IS IN M'EYE!



KNOW WHAT WOULD BE LOT'S OF FUN? HAVE KING NEPTUNE PERFORM A MOCK MARRIAGE! MISS VAN NORSE, HOW ABOUT YOU AND MR. MARTIN!

OH, YES, LET'S!

SURE, I WISH IT WERE REAL!

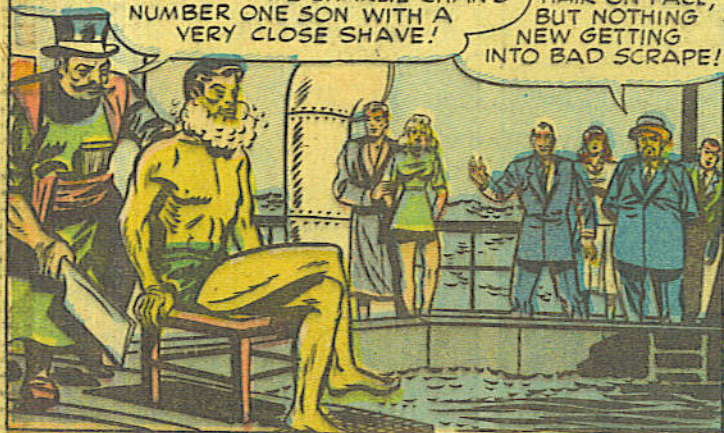




THE SHIP'S BARBER ADDS TO THE MERRIMENT...

AND NOW TO CONCLUDE OUR ENTERTAINMENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, KING NEPTUNE WILL INITIATE CHARLIE CHAN'S NUMBER ONE SON WITH A VERY CLOSE SHAVE!

MISERABLE SON HAS NO HAIR ON FACE, BUT NOTHING NEW GETTING INTO BAD SCRAPE!



WHASSA MATTER, YOU BOY?

THIS IS THE FUNNIEST ONE YET!



BUT NUMBER ONE SON LIES FACE DOWNWARD IN THE WATER...

MISERABLE SON IS SINKING AGAIN!

HE LOOKS LIKE HE FAINTED!



I'LL GET HIM!

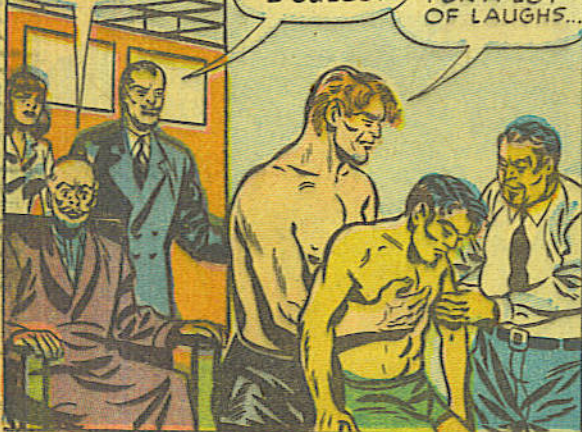
DON'T WORRY, DON IS A CHAMPION SWIMMER, MR. CHAN!



WHAT HAPPENED TO THE AMUSING YOUNG MAN?

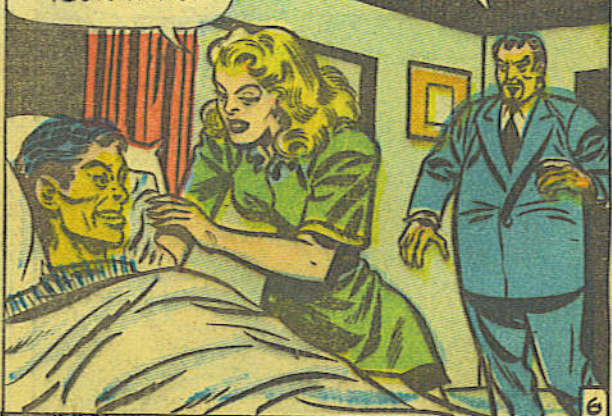
FAINTED FROM SEA SICKNESS I GUESS!

THE POOR KID! HE WAS GOOD FOR A LOT OF LAUGHS...



THE BARBER PUT SO MUCH LATHER ON YOU THAT THERE'S STILL SOME IN YOUR HAIR!

DO NOT THROW TOWEL AWAY. MAY BE MOST IMPORTANT!



CHARLIE CHAN INTERVIEWS
THE SHIP'S BARBER...

PERHAPS THEN
SHIP'S BARBER
CARE TO EXPLAIN
WHY SHAVING
LATHER USED
BY HIM FULL
OF ETHER!

WHAT COULD
I DO?
THE SHIP'S
DOCTOR,
HE GAVE ME
THE LATHER
AND SAID,
TONY, YOU
MUST USE THIS!

AH, THERE
YOU ARE,
INSPECTOR
CHAN... IS
THERE
ANYTHING
I CAN DO
FOR YOUR
SON?

HISTORY RELATES
IN ANCIENT DAYS
BARBER WAS
DOCTOR, BUT
THIS IS FIRST
CASE IN WHICH
DOCTOR USE
BARBER TO GIVE
DEADLY ANESTHETIC
IN SHAVING LATHER!

WAIT A
MINUTE,
INSPECTOR,
I DON'T
GET YOU!

CHARLIE CHAN
USUALLY GET
YOU BEFORE
YOU GET HIM.
BYE NOW,
DOCTOR!



DID YOU FIND OUT
SOMETHING IMPORTANT,
INSPECTOR, CHAN?

MOST IMPORTANT--
WARN YOUR
FATHER IMMEDIATELY
THAT SHIP'S DOCTOR
VERY DANGEROUS!

GEE, POP, I'M
SO HUNGRY I
COULD EAT A
SEA-HORSE!

BEAUTIFUL LADY GONE. SO
MISERABLE OFFSPRING NEED
NOT PLAY BABY ANYMORE..
DRESS, NOW, FOR
DINNER!



YOU SAID YOU
WANTED TO
SEE ME,
FATHER?

YES, MY DEAR..
NURSE, PLEASE
LEAVE US ALONE
FOR A WHILE!

CERTAINLY,
MR. VAN
NORSE..

FATHER, I HATE TO TELL
YOU THIS, BUT INSPECTOR
CHAN SAYS YOU ARE IN
GREAT DANGER FROM
THE SHIP'S DOCTOR..

THAT'S ONE OF THE
THINGS I WANTED
TO TALK TO YOU
ABOUT.. I FEEL LIKE
I'M DRUGGED, IN A
WEAK MOMENT I
CHANGED MY WILL, GAVE
IT TO THE CAPTAIN.. TELL
HIM I SAID TO GIVE IT
BACK TO YOU!



I KNOW THE OLD MAN IS GETTING SUSPICIOUS... HE ASKED ME TO LEAVE WHEN CLAIRE AND DON CAME IN. FIRST TIME HE EVER DID THAT!

WE'LL HAVE TO PUT HIM OUT OF HIS MISERY TONIGHT. AND I'VE GOT A SCHEME FOR OUT-SMARTING THAT CHARLIE CHAN AT DINNER TONIGHT!



YOU HAVE GROSSLY **INSULTED** THE SHIP'S DOCTOR, INSPECTOR CHAN.

THIS HUMBLE PERSON GLAD TO APOLOGIZE IF DOCTOR WILL NOW DRINK FROM THE GLASS OF CHARLIE CHAN.



LATER IN THE DINING SALON...

SO HERE'S CONGRATULATIONS TO INSPECTOR CHAN ON THE HAPPY RECOVERY OF HIS NUMBER ONE SON AND MAY HE...

ONE MINUTE, DOCTOR, IT'S WRITTEN THAT HAPPINESS OF GUEST IS SOME-TIMES GREATER IF HE EXCHANGE DRINK WITH HOST...



THE INTERVENTION OF THE NURSE EASES THE DOCTOR OUT OF A BAD SPOT...

QUIET, MY FRIENDS, THE NURSE JUST TOLD ME THAT VICTOR VAN NORSE IS DYING! I MUST GO TO HIM AT ONCE!

OH, NO



LATER THAT NIGHT...

I DEMAND TO BE AT MY FATHER'S SIDE!

I'M SORRY, MISS VAN NORSE BUT YOUR PRESENCE MIGHT UNDULY EXCITE YOUR FATHER!



MIDNIGHT...

I SIMPLY CAN'T **BELIEVE** MY FATHER WOULD DO A THING LIKE THAT!

YOU CAN READ IT FOR YOURSELF, MISS VAN NORSE.



I, Victor Van Norse, being of sound mind and memory do hereby make this supplement to my will and declare that should my daughter, Claire, be so selfish as to marry before my death, then all my estate shall go to my faithful nurse, Edith Edmonds.

Victor Van Norse.
witnesses Captain

OBSERVE, PLEASE, THAT THIS WILL IS WORTHLESS BECAUSE MISS VAN NORSE NOT YET MARRIED TO MR. MARTIN...

LET ME HAVE THE WILL! YOU FORGET I MARRIED THEM WHEN WE WERE CROSSING THE EQUATOR THIS AFTERNOON!



BUT DOCTOR MALONE SAID YOU WERE PERFORMING A **MOCK MARRIAGE!**

NOTHING WAS SAID TO ME ABOUT IT! AND NOW, DOCTOR, YOU WILL PLEASE PREPARE MR. VAN NORSE'S BODY FOR BURIAL AT SEA... AT DAWN... GOODNIGHT, FOLKS...

SURE, HE DID!



AS THE OTHERS LEAVE...

NOW SEE HERE, YOU TWO... THAT CHARLIE IS PLENTY SMART AND I DON'T WANT TO GET INTO ANY TROUBLE WITH THE LAW!

HOW CAN WE GET INTO TROUBLE! THE OLD MAN DIED OF HEART TROUBLE, IN A FEW WEEKS WE'LL BE ROLLING IN WEALTH!



HOW CAN THAT HATEFUL CAPTAIN REFUSE ME TO TAKE MY FATHER'S BODY BACK HOME FOR BURIAL? INSPECTOR CHAN PLEASE HELP ME!

CAPTAIN'S HASTE TO BURY BODY AT SEA VERY SUSPICIOUS... TAKE KNIFE, MR. MARTIN, AND AWAIT INSTRUCTIONS, PLEASE!



JUST BEFORE DAWN, CHAN QUIETLY SUBSTITUTES DON MARTIN IN THE BURIAL SACK...



AMEN.. INSPECTOR CHAN, WHY DID NOT MISS VAN NORSE ATTEND HER FATHER'S FUNERAL?

SO SORRY, MISS VAN NORSE PROSTRATE WITH GRIEF IN BED!



CHARLIE CHAN'S A GENIUS...





OH, DON, THANK HEAVEN!

HEY, POP, GIVE ME A HAND, WILL YA?

NEXT DAY, IN THE PORT OF NATAL, BRAZIL...

ALL RIGHT, HAVE A GOOD TIME, EVERYBODY, BUT REMEMBER, WE SAIL AT SUNDOWN!



BUT CHAN SOON RETURNS TO THE SHIP WITH THE NATAL CHIEF OF POLICE ...

THIS IS BODY OF VAN NORSE WHICH I HAVE BEEN HIDING FOR, AUTOPSY, PLEASE, AS QUICK AS POSSIBLE!

IT WILL BE A PLEASURE TO DO THIS FOR YOU, CHARLIE CHAN, MY OLD FRIEND!



YES, CAPTAIN, MISS EDMONDS AND I WERE JUST MARRIED-- SO WE'RE TAKING THIS QUICK STEAMER BACK TO THE U.S.A. TO TAKE CHARGE OF THE VAN NORSE ESTATE!

DON'T WORRY, WE'LL SEND YOUR SHARE, CAPTAIN!

BE SURE THAT YOU DO!



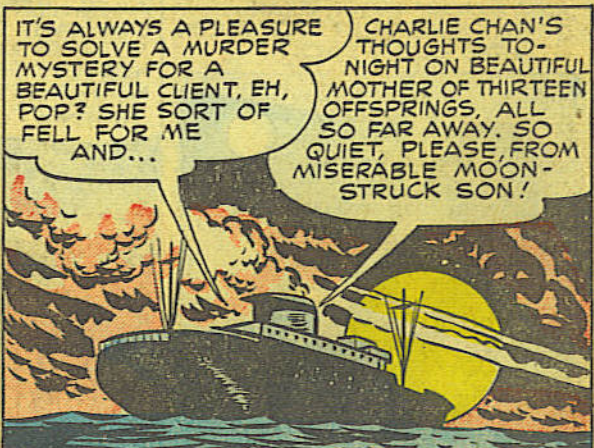
AIEE... SO SORRY TO INTERRUPT FAREWELLS, BUT AUTOPSY ON BODY OF VICTOR VAN NORSE REVEAL DEATH BY POISON! ARREST, PLEASE!

I'M INNOCENT! THE DOCTOR AND THE NURSE SWORE TO ME IT WAS HEART FAILURE OR I WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN IN ON THE REST OF IT!



HOW IN THE WORLD CAN WE EVER THANK YOU ENOUGH, INSPECTOR CHAN!

WISE MAN ONCE SAY, "MURDER MAKES SWIFT ONE WAY JOURNEY, BUT JUSTICE ALWAYS CATCH UP ON ROUND TRIP!"



IT'S ALWAYS A PLEASURE TO SOLVE A MURDER MYSTERY FOR A BEAUTIFUL CLIENT, EH, POP? SHE SORT OF FELL FOR ME AND...

CHARLIE CHAN'S THOUGHTS TO-NIGHT ON BEAUTIFUL MOTHER OF THIRTEEN OFFSPRINGS, ALL SO FAR AWAY. SO QUIET, PLEASE, FROM MISERABLE MOON-STRUCK SON!

CHAN GIVES DON AND CLAIRE THE TWO STEAMSHIP TICKETS BACK TO THE U.S.A. THAT HE FOUND IN THE DOCTOR'S WALLET.

CHARLIE CHAI

SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL, VIBRANTLY ALIVE AND ON HER WAY TO FAME. BUT HER BEAUTY BACKFIRED IN LESS THAN AN HOUR SHE WAS DESTINED TO DIE. WHY? WHOSE DIABOLICALLY CLEVER HAND SNUFFED OUT HER YOUNG LIFE? ONLY CHARLIE CHAN KNEW THE ANSWERS IN...

The MODEL MURDER CASE!



LOLLING IN HER EAST RIVER DRIVE APARTMENT WITH THE TALENT SCOUT, NICK TRAVIS, WHO IS TALKING HER TO HOLLYWOOD AND NEW WORLDS TO CONQUER, MODEL JEAN LARUE HAS SOME LAST MINUTES DOUBTS...

GEE, NICK, I PROMISED PAPPY BRADLEY I'D DROP BY HIS PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO TO SAY GOODBYE, BUT SOMEHOW I HATE TO SAY GOODBYE TO PAPPY...

WE HAVEN'T GOT TIME, JEAN. OUR TRAIN LEAVES IN AN HOUR. DROP THE OLD GOAT A NOTE FROM HOLLYWOOD!

DON'T YOU DARE CALL PAPPY BRADLEY AN OLD GOAT! MR. BRADLEY DISCOVERED ME BEFORE YOU DID! HIS PHOTOGRAPHIC GENIUS MADE ME FAMOUS! BESIDES, HE'S IN THIS BUILDING AND IT WON'T TAKE LONG...

OKAY, OKAY! DON'T BITE MY HEAD OFF... LET'S GO!



T YOU, JEAN?
IN!

OH PAPPY, IF YOU ONLY
KNEW HOW I HATE TO
TELL YOU GOODBYE..
HAVE YOU MET NICK
NICK TRAVIS, TALENT
SCOUT FOR THE
FOREMOUNT PICTURE
COMPANY?

YOU MEAN THIS
IS THE FELLOW
THAT'S ROBBING
ME OF MY BEST
MODEL?

I WOULDN'T ASK YOU TO
DO THIS, JEAN, BUT THE
ORDER FOR THIS BATH-
ING SUIT SHOT JUST
CAME IN AND I CAN'T
GET A MODEL IN TIME
TO DELIVER!

WHATEVER
YOU SAY,
PAPPY...
I OWE
YOU A
FAVOR!

HURRY,
JEAN,
OR WE'LL
MISS OUR
TRAIN!

SO WE MISS THE TRAIN
AND TAKE THE NEXT ONE!
PAPPY COMES FIRST!

BUT,
JEAN--

I'M SURE THAT MR.
BRADLEY DOESN'T
WANT TO STAND IN
THE WAY OF YOUR
SUCCESS... WE'VE
GOT TO MAKE
THAT TRAIN!

STAND RIGHT WHERE
THIS CHAIR WAS, JEAN...
I'VE ALREADY GOT THE
CAMERA FOCUSED!
IT'LL ONLY TAKE A
MINUTE NOW!

NOW, IF YOU'LL HOLD THIS
FLASH BULB, MR. TRAVIS...
RIGHT HERE..HER HAIR IS
GORGEOUS AND WE'LL USE
THE FLASH FOR HAIR
LIGHT!

BUT, PAPPY,
YOUR FLASH
WILL BE
BRIGHTER
THAN YOUR
KEY LIGHT AND
DRAW ATTENTION
FROM THE BATHING
SUIT TO THE HAIR!

ARE YOU TRYING TO TEACH ME MY BUSINESS, YOU IMPUDENT PUP?

QUIET, NICK... PAPPY'S THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORITY ON PICTURE LIGHTING... DIDN'T YOU KNOW THAT?



THANK YOU, DARLING... ARE YOU SURE YOU WON'T CHANGE YOUR MIND ABOUT GOING?

I'D LOVE TO BUT I HAVE WITH NICK! I'VE GOT A BIG CHANCE!



THEN GOODBYE, LITTLE ONE.. HOLD THAT FLASH BULB STEADY AND CLOSER, MR. TRAVIS.. READY.. ONE.. TWO.. THREE...



AS PAPPY TAKES THE PICTURE, THERE IS A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT PIERCED BY SCREAMS FROM JEAN LARUE...



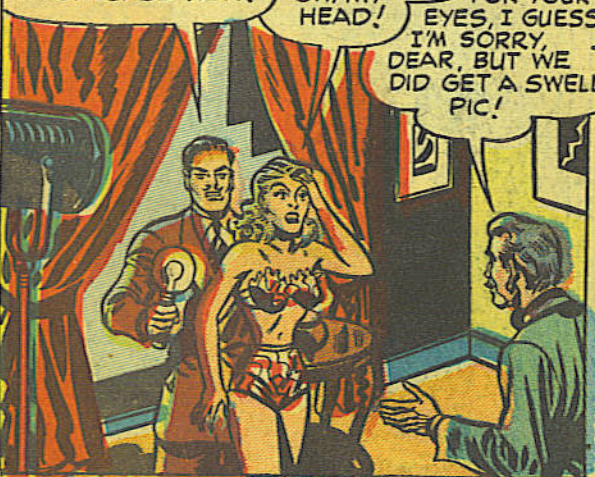
LOOK! THE DARNED FLASH BULB FRIGHTENED HER!

IT SCARED ME TO DEATH. OH, MY HEAD!

TOO BRIGHT FOR YOUR EYES, I GUESS. I'M SORRY, DEAR, BUT WE DID GET A SWELL PIC!

'BYE, PAPPY... THANKS FOR EVERYTHING... BUT I'VE GOT TO HURRY.. I'M GOING ON A LONG TRIP!

YES, BABY, A LONG ONE!



ER APARTMENT, JEAN APPLIES A
D TOWEL TO HER HEAD...

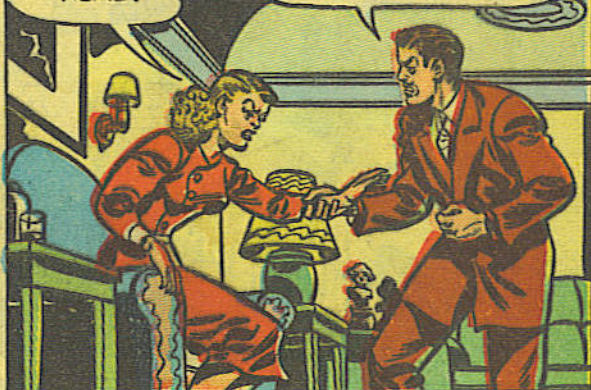
TAKE YOU,
TRUE! NOW
SSED
N!

WELL, I'M POSITIVELY
NOT GOING TO
HOLLYWOOD WITH
THIS HEADACHE!



LET GO OF ME, NICK
TRAVIS... I'M NOT A
CHILD! I'LL GO TO
HOLLYWOOD WHEN I
GET GOOD AND
READY! OH, MY
HEAD!

OH, YEAH? WELL,
NOBODY WALKS
OUT ON NICK TRAVIS.
YOU **ARE** A CHILD
AND WHAT YOU NEED
IS A SOUND SPANKING.

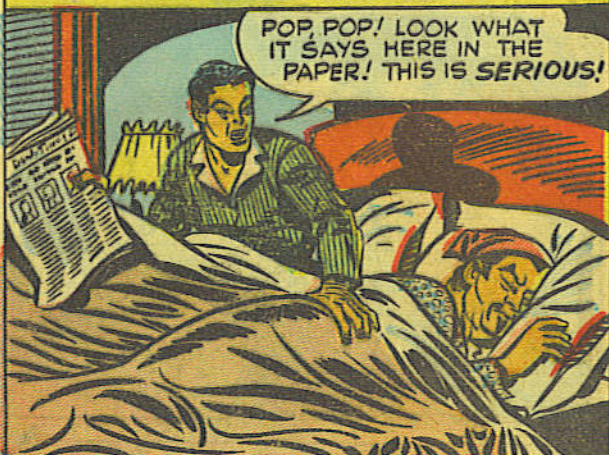


SO YOU WANNA PLAY
ROUGH, BABY! I'LL SHOW
YOU WHO'S BOSS AROUND
HERE!



NEXT MORNING, IN **CHARLIE CHAN'S** HOME,
EXCITABLE NUMBER ONE SON SEEKS TO
AWAKEN HIS FATHER...

POP, POP! LOOK WHAT
IT SAYS HERE IN THE
PAPER! THIS IS **SERIOUS!**



BUT, POP... YOU **MUST** DO
SOMETHING IN THIS CASE..
I KNOW MR. BRADLEY... HE
LECTURES AT MY ART SCHOOL..
HE'S NO MURDERER... HE'S
THE GREATEST PORTRAIT
PHOTOGRAPHER IN THE
WORLD!

UMMM... EMPTY
STOMACH MAKE
EMPTY HEAD! CHARLIE CHAN
VENTURES NO
OPINION UNTIL
MISERABLE OFF-
SPRING BRING HIM
BREAKFAST!



Daily Times 159
LAST PICTURES TAKEN OF
MURDERED GIRL MODEL BY
BRADLEY AND TRAVIS NOW
HELD AS SUSPECTS IN CASE



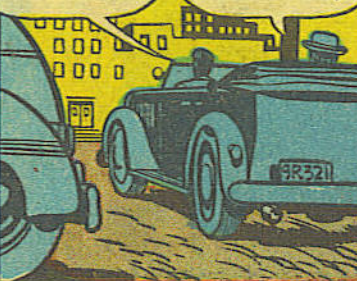
HERE'S YOUR CHOTA HAZRA, POP. TEA. TOST AND JAM... HOW'S THAT FOR ROOM SERVICE?



WHEN NUMBER ONE SON SO KIND, WISE FATHER PUT PADLOCK ON PURSE!

PERSISTENT NUMBER ONE SON PERSUADES CHARLIE CHAN TO VISIT DISTRICT ATTORNEY--

GOLLY, POP. YOU GOTTA GET MY FRIEND, MR. BRADLEY OUT ON BAIL RIGHT AWAY.. HE'S NO MURDERER!



IS NOT CUSTOMARY FOR DETECTIVE TO PUT UP BAIL FOR PRISONER!

AH, GOOD MORNING, CHARLIE CHAN.. I GOT YOUR TELEPHONE MESSAGE. DON'T TELL ME THE BEAUTIFUL MODEL, JEAN LARUE, WAS A FRIEND OF YOURS TOO, INSPECTOR!



ATTORNEY UNHAPPY ONE SON FRIEND OF PRISONER BRADLEY

I'VE TALKED WITH BOTH BRADLEY AND TRAVIS AND HAVE ABOUT MADE UP MY MIND WHICH ONE KILLED THE GIRL, BUT I'LL SEND FOR THEM BOTH AND SEE WHAT YOU THINK...



ORIENTAL PROVERB SAY TOO BAD FOR HEN WHEN TWO ROOSTERS GO TO POT!

ALL I KNOW IS THAT I LOVED JEAN LIKE MY OWN DAUGHTER AND THAT SHE WAS ALL RIGHT WHEN SHE KISSED ME GOODBYE AND WENT AWAY WITH THIS SO CALLED TALENT SCOUT LAST NIGHT!



WHY, YOU INSULTING PENNY PICTURE-SHOOTER! JEAN LARUE WAS NOT ALL RIGHT! SHE COMPLAINED OF A VIOLENT HEADACHE. AND YOU KNOW IT!

JEAN PRETENDED SHE HAD A HEADACHE BECAUSE SHE DIDN'T WANT TO GO TO HOLLYWOOD WITH YOU, TRAVIS!



I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR LIES, BRADLEY!

I DON'T KNOW HOW, BUT YOU KILLED HER!



YOU KILLED HER BECAUSE SHE WOULDN'T GO TO HOLLYWOOD WITH YOU! AAAAH!

SH THE SCUFFLE BETWEEN TRAVIS AND CHARLIE CHAN SITS AS CALM AS A BUDDHA...

TAKE 'EM
FICER!.. WELL, INSPECTOR WHICH ONE OF THOSE JACKS WOULD YOU SAY THE YOUNG ROBIN? MAYBE BOTH?

WITH ME, MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY, UNFORTUNATELY DIGESTION OF CASE REQUIRES AT LEAST FEW HOURS AFTER EATING FACTS!

VERY WELL PUT, INSPECTOR, BUT WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS FELLOW, **TRAVIS**? YOU SAW WHAT A HOT TEMPER HE HAS!

PERHAPS TEMPER **TOO** HOT FOR COLD BLOODED MURDER!

EXCUSE ME, BUT HERE'S A REPORT JUST CAME IN FROM THE LABORATORY...

AH, JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!

THIS AUTOPSY REPORT REVEALS THAT JEAN LARUE DIED FROM A BRAIN HEMORRHAGE CAUSED BY THIS FINE STEEL PIN ENTERING HER LEFT TEMPLE.

NOW LAW MACHINE BEGINNING TO HIT ON ALL CYLINDERS!

WELL, CHAN, THAT STEEL PIN POINTS TO NOBODY BUT NICK TRAVIS, BY HIS ADMISSION THAT HE WAS STANDING ON THE **LEFT** SIDE OF JEAN LARUE WHEN BRADLEY TOOK HER PICTURE!

SO!

AUTOPSY REPORT ON JEAN LARUE

Steel needle entered of head causing it to imbedded in temple death was

SO IN THE CONFUSION OF THE BLINDING FLASH, THIS TRAVIS SHOOTS JEAN LARUE THROUGH THE LEFT TEMPLE! BRADLEY IS **INNOCENT**, AND I'M GOING TO TURN HIM LOOSE.. DO YOU AGREE?

THIS SLOW-WITTED PERSON SEES POSSIBILITY, BUT MOTIVE NOT YET CLEAR! FURTHERMORE, HONORABLE DISTRICT ATTORNEY CANNOT **PROVE** CASE UNTIL FIND DEADLY WEAPON...

I'LL WAIT IN THE CAR, POP!

GOODBYE, CHAN...
AH, HERE'S
BRADLEY! NOW,
I'M SURE HE'LL
BE GLAD TO
HELP YOU
LOCATE THAT
DEADLY
WEAPON
FOR ME!

THANKS
A MILLION,
MR. DISTRICT
ATTORNEY
FOR SETTING
ME FREE... OF
COURSE I'LL
DO EVERY-
THING I CAN
TO HELP MR.
CHAN!



MISERABLE
NUMBER ONE
SON, LIKE
OWL BUSY
AT NIGHT,
SLEEP
ALL DAY...



I NOTICED
HIM IN THE
OFFICE... HIS
FACE SEEMED
FAMILIAR

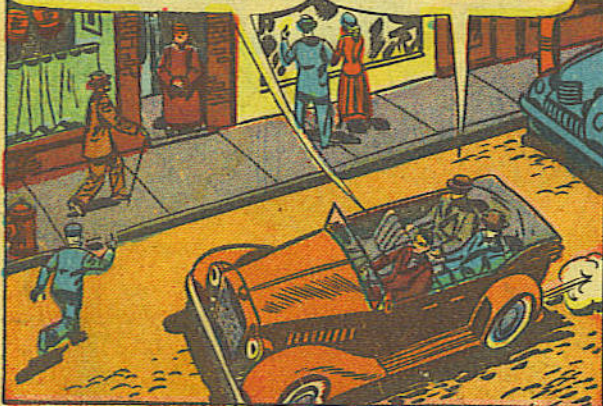
POP, YOU TOOK
SO LONG I FELT
ASLEEP.. HELLO,
MR. BRADLEY...
REMEMBER
ME? I SIT IN
THE FRONT
ROW OF YOUR
ART CLASS!



OH,
REMEMBER
YOU
WELL,
MAN.
THAT REMINDS
ME I'VE
DATE TO

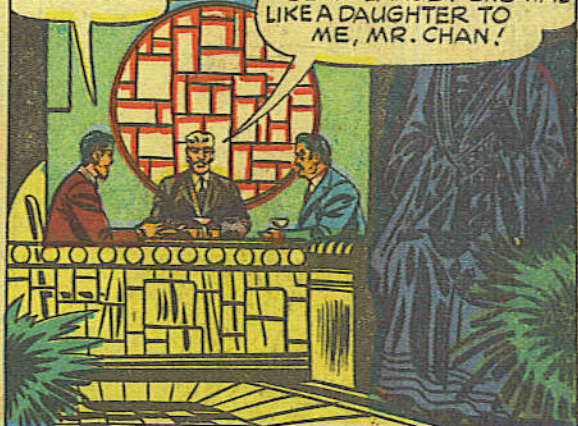
OH, YOU HAVE PLENTY
OF TIME BEFORE YOUR
LECTURE, MR. BRADLEY..
... WHY NOT JOIN POP
AND ME FOR DINNER--

I SHOULD REALLY
GO RIGHT TO MY
STUDIO, I'VE BEEN
AWAY SO LONG, BUT
IF YOU INSIST...



HAVE SOME MORE
DUCK, MR. BRADLEY.
YOU'RE NOT EATING
MUCH...

IT REALLY KILLS MY
APPETITE TO THINK
OF THAT POOR GIRL,
JEAN LARUE. SHE WAS
LIKE A DAUGHTER TO
ME, MR. CHAN!



CHARLIE CHAN IS
PUZZLED, MR. BRADLEY...
IN WHAT MANNER
DECEASED WAS KILLED!

WHY, THAT'S EASY,
MR. CHAN.. WHEN
SHE WENT BACK
TO HER APARTMENT
WITH TRAVIS, HE
SHOT HER!



INVESTIGATION NOT REVEAL
TRAVIS HAVE GUN THAT
WOULD SHOOT **STEEL PIN**
LIKE THIS, MR. BRADLEY.

STEEL PIN?
WHERE ON
EARTH DID
YOU FIND **THAT**?





NT
REVEAL
IN BRAIN
SED
UE.

WHAT A FIEND THAT
TRAVIS REALLY IS.
MR. CHAN!

NO DOUBT WHATSOEVER!
FIEND KILL LOVELY MODEL..
MUST FIND GUN... NEED
YOUR HELP, MR.
BRADLEY...

MY POOR LITTLE
JEAN! I CAN'T
BEAR TO *THINK*
ABOUT IT! EXCUSE
ME FOR A MOMENT, PLEASE,
WHILE I PHONE MY STUDIO
TO SEE IF THERE ARE ANY
IMPORTANT MESSAGES!



POP, YOU SHOULDN'T
TALK TO MR. BRADLEY
ABOUT THE DEATH OF
JEAN LARUE... CAN'T
YOU SEE IT TEARS
HIM ALL TO PIECES!

BETTER IF MISERABLE
NUMBER ONE SON
KEEP MOUTH FULL
OF *DUCK* INSTEAD
OF FOOLISH WORDS!



CHUCK.. THIS IS PAPPY BRADLEY. NOW *GET*
THIS.. I'M BRINGING DOWN A VERY IMPORTANT
CLIENT FOR A PORTRAIT RIGHT AWAY.. FIX
EVERYTHING LIKE IT WAS FOR THAT
LAST SHOT OF JEAN LARUE--
GET ME?

I GOTCHA,
BOSS.. WHEN
DIDJA GET OUT?
..OKAY, BOSS,
DON'T GET
SORE!



BUT, POP, BE
REASONABLE
AND...

SHHHH!
QUIET,
UNHAPPY
BOY!

MR. CHAN, THANK YOU FOR A
WONDERFUL DINNER AND ALL
YOUR KIND INTEREST. THERE
ARE SOME
IMPORTANT
ORDERS AT THE
STUDIO AND I
MUST HURRY
BACK... BUT I
WOULD LIKE TO
ASK ONE FAVOR
OF YOU...

IF IN MY
POWER, IT
WILL BE MY
PLEASURE!



I'M SO DEEPLY INDEBTED TO
YOU, MR. CHAN, THAT I WANT
YOU TO COME TO MY
STUDIO NOW AND SIT FOR
YOUR PICTURE. IT WILL
BE A MASTERPIECE---

OH, BOY,
POP! WHAT
A BREAK!



I FEEL THAT IT'S THE LEAST I CAN DO FOR YOU, MR. CHAN, TO SHOW MY GREAT APPRECIATION!

DEEPLY HONORED, BUT MUST WARN YOU-- THIS UNWORTHY PERSON MAY STOP LENS OF CAMERA WITH HOMELY VISAGE!



SIT RIGHT DOWN THERE, MR. CHAN.. I'LL BE BACK IN JUST A FEW MINUTES...



DO NOT RUSH, MR. BRADLEY, CHARLIE CHAN REALIZE MASTERPIECE TAKE TIME!

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, POP? YOU CAN'T LEAVE NOW!

MUST GO GENTLE, PRIVATE MISERABLE TELL GR MASTER T CHARLIE CH RETURN IN MINUT



MEANWHILE, IN PAPPY BRADLEY'S LABORATORY ROOM...

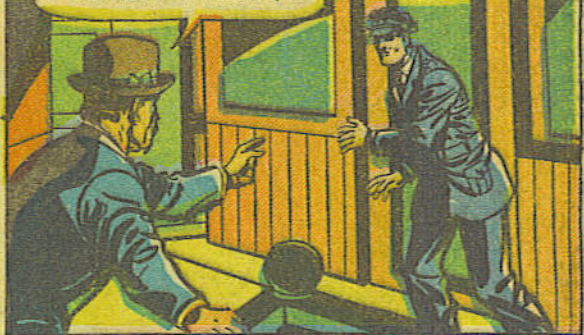
GOT THAT FLASHGUN FIXED, CHUCK, LIKE I TOLD YOU? HURRY!

IT'S ALMOST READY, BOSS!



A POLICEMAN STANDS GUARD IN FRONT OF JEAN LARUE'S APARTMENT...

MUST GO ELSEWHERE NOW. BUT ESSENTIAL YOU TELEPHONE DISTRICT ATTORNEY AT ONCE! CHARLIE CHAN SAY TO COME TO BRADLEY STUDIO AND BRING POLICE SQUAD TO SURROUND BUILDING... UTMOST HASTE!



YOUR FATHER SHOULD NOT LEAVE LIKE THIS... I'M A VERY BUSY MAN... AH, **THERE** YOU ARE, CHAN! SIT HERE.. TAKE OFF YOUR HAT...

SO SORRY DETAINED!



NOW HOLD THE FLASH RIGHT THERE, MY BOY, CLOSE TO YOUR FATHERS HEAD... THIS WILL MAKE A FINE PICTURE!

I'LL BET THEY'LL HANG YOU IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, POP!





SON
WORTHY
LIE
SERVES

JUST THINK,
POP I'M
HELPING THE
GREAT PAPPY
BRADLEY MAKE
A PICTURE A
MASTERPIECE!

STEADY NOW,
EVERYBODY!
A LITTLE
LOWER, SON
... READY?
ONE... TWO...
THREE!!



AS THE FLASHGUN GOES OFF CHARLIE CHAN
SINKS TO THE FLOOR WITH A GROAN...

WHAT HAPPENED
TO POP? HEY,
POP!

LOOKS LIKE HE FAINTED!
HIS HEART MUST BE WEAK...
COME IN HERE TO THE LAB
AND I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING
FOR HIM!



AAAGH! HELP!
HE-L-P!!

KEEP HIM IN HERE AND KEEP
HIM QUIET, AND WE'LL DUMP
BOTH HIM AND THE OLD MAN
INTO THE RIVER TONIGHT!

OKAY,
BOSS!



THAT'LL TEACH YOU
TO POKE YOUR NOSE
INTO OTHER PEOPLE'S
BUSINESS, CHARLIE
CHAN!

ALL RIGHT, MEN!
ONE OF YOU GRAB
BRADLEY... THE
OTHERS SEARCH
THE PLACE!



GOSH, CHAN..
HOW DID
YOU ESCAPE
DEATH?

STEEL PIN FIRED
FROM FLASHGUN
GO OVER CHARLIE
CHAN'S HEAD AND
STICK IN OPPOSITE
WALL WHEN HE DUCK
AND FALL ON FACE, PLAYING
POSSUM DEAD!

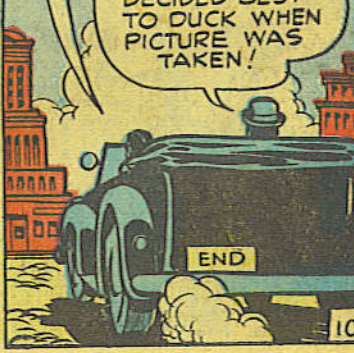
POP, POP,
ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT?
I GUESS I
YELLED SO
LOUD IN
THERE THE
POLICE
HEARD ME
ON THE
STREET
AND CAME
UP!

I'LL HAVE TO HAND
IT TO YOU, CHAN..
WHAT MADE YOU
SUSPECT BRADLEY?

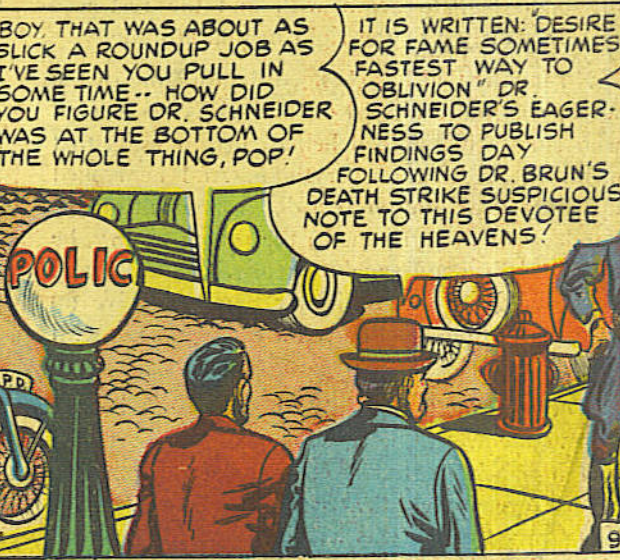
IT IS WRITTEN:
"WHEN OLD
MAN CRAZY
ABOUT YOUNG
GIRL, NOT HIS
DAUGHTER, HE
IS CRAZY."

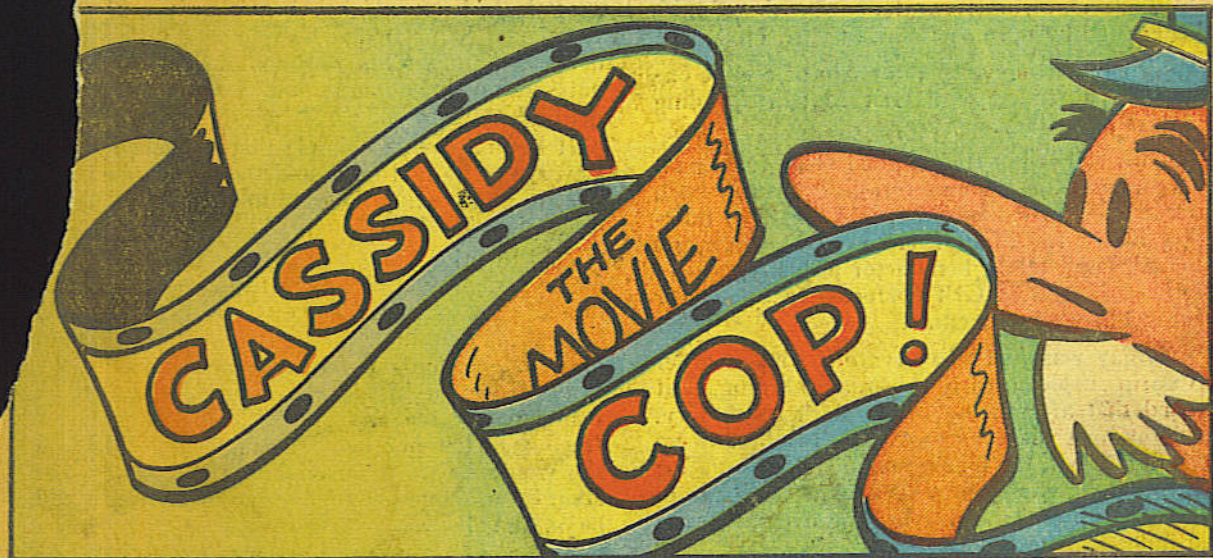
WHAT I DON'T
UNDERSTAND,
POP, IS HOW
YOU WERE
ABLE TO
DUCK SO
QUICKLY!

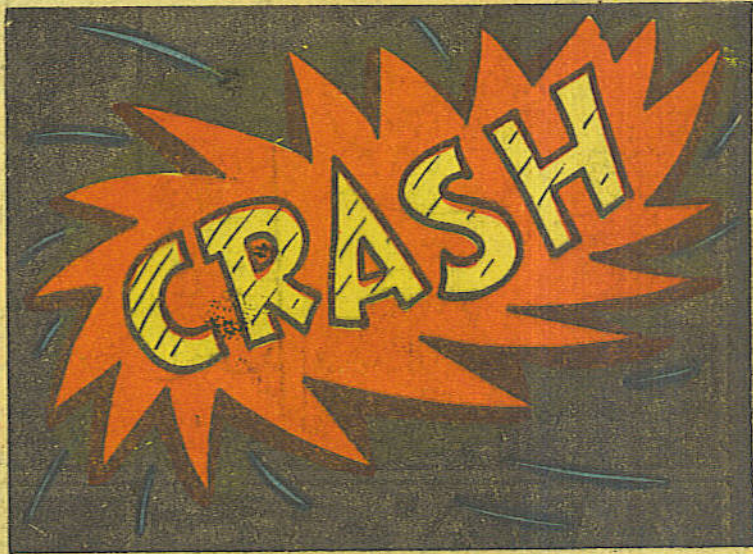
MISERABLE
SON WHO
NEARLY KILL
OWN FATHER
NEVER GAVE
CHANCE AT
DUCK FOR
DINNER SO
DECIDED BEST
TO DUCK WHEN
PICTURE WAS
TAKEN!



END







CASSIDY! YOU
CLAM-HEAD!!

DON'T WORRY,
MR. VON SCHMOE --
I'M ALRIGHT!

I'M NOT WORRIED
ABOUT YOU -- YOU
BONE-BRAIN!!
YOU'VE JUST COST
THE STUDIO TEN
THOUSAND DOLLARS!

YEAH, BUT
LOOK AT THE
ELECTRICITY I'VE
SAVED YOU!

GO OVER TO
STUDIO K,
YOU **IMBECILE!**
THEY ARE
FILMING A
WESTERN --

MAYBE YOU'LL
GET **SHOT** OR
SOMETHING!

GRACIOUS! WHAT
A TEMPER DIRECTOR
VON SCHMOE HAS!



OKAY, I'LL MOSEY
OVER TO STUDIO K
AND WATCH THEM
SHOOT THAT WESTERN

I ALWAYS WANTED TO
BE A **COWBOY** MYSELF!

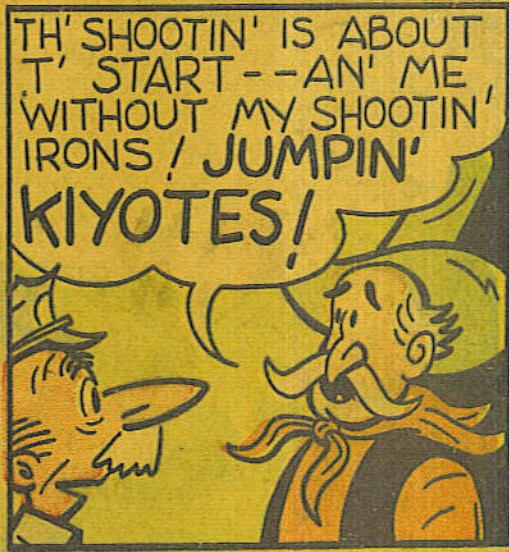


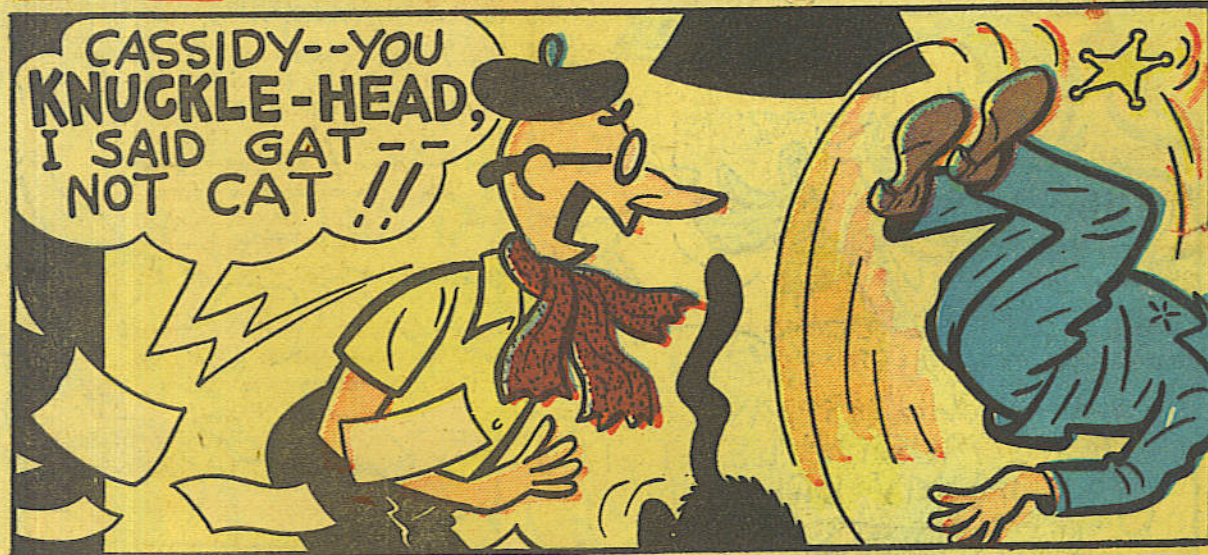
STUDIO
K



NOW SHOOTING
THE GENT
FROM
GORY GULCH

K





IT'S ONLY NATURAL-- that you should want the best-- especially in ROMANCE stories...

AND SO IT'S NATURAL THAT YOU SHOULD
WANT MORE OF THOSE GREAT, ORIGINAL

Young Romance
1790 Broadway
New York City

Editors,
Young Romance

Dear sir:

I am a steady reader of
YOUNG ROMANCE comics and in
my opinion it is the best
magazine I have ever read--
but I just can't seem to
get enough of those terrific
Romance Stories.

Two months is too long to
wait-- can't we have more of
your wonderful, wonderful
Young Romance Stories? Please!

Sincerely,
[Signature]

young Romance stories

NOW--IN ANSWER TO YOUR MANY
REQUESTS FOR MORE OF THE
"WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL" STORIES,
THE EDITORS OF YOUNG ROMANCE
ARE "DOING WHAT COMES NATURAL".

BRINGING YOU THE BEST

--in

**young
Love
stories**

NOW! A ROMANCE MAGAZINE EVERY MONTH!



Keri Krane

BOSS OF THE
PHOENIX
DETECTIVE AGENCY



WHEN KERI KRANE'S SISTER, A POLICE-WOMAN, DIED IN THE LINE OF DUTY, KERI FELT OBLIGED TO CARRY ON HER SISTER'S BATTLE AGAINST CRIME. SO KERI HIRED A FEW TOP-NOTCH PRIVATE EYES AND ESTABLISHED HER DETECTIVE AGENCY IN LOS ANGELES.

HIYAH, KERI. WHAT'S ON THE LIST TO-DAY?

SWIMMING AT SANTA MONICA... A VISIT TO THE LA BREA TAR PITS... ANY-THING BUT CASES. WITH ALL THE CRIME THAT GOES ON, DON'T YOU THINK WE DESERVE A SLICE?

WHAT'S THAT GENT DOING IN THE WAITING-ROOM? HE LOOKS IMPATIENT.

LET HIM THINK WE'RE BUSY. AHH, WHO AM I KIDDING? SEND HIM IN, WILL YOU, ANDY?



MISS KRANE, THIS IS MR. WOODS... WITH A PROBLEM.

MISS KRANE?? WHY, I THOUGHT..

YOU THOUGHT A MAN WOULD BE HEAD HERE. DON'T LET ME SCARE YOU... I GET RESULTS.

NOW, WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?

I'M LOOKING FOR MY NIECE. NO, SHE WASN'T KIDNAPPED, AND SHE DIDN'T EXACTLY DISAPPEAR. I SUSPECT SHE'S ON ONE OF HER "WOLL SPELLS" AGAIN.

"WOLL SPELLS?" WHAT'S THAT?

SHE'S MY NIECE, BETTY WARE. SHE'S NO GOOD. IT'S ONLY BECAUSE I PROMISED HER FATHER BEFORE HE DIED.. WELL, SHE'S ROTTEN. GOT OFF TO A BAD START IN GRAMMAR SCHOOL.. IDOLIZED GANGSTERS...CAPONE, DILLINGER.. ENVIED GANGSTERS/ GIRL FRIENDS..

A COUPLE OF TIMES BEFORE SHE TOOK UP WITH CHEAP CROOKS. NOW I THINK SHE'S UP TO IT AGAIN. SHE'S MEAN AND RUTHLESS.. AND DANGEROUS...

AND YOU WANT US TO FIND HER. FIFTY A DAY PLUS EXPENSES WILL HIRE US.

I'LL GIVE YOU A RETAINER. ANYTHING ELSE YOU WANT?

A PICTURE OF YOUR NIECE, AND THE NAMES OF THOSE CROOKS SHE TIED UP WITH IN THE PAST.

WE'RE IN BUSINESS AGAIN. CALL OFF THE SWM--THE TAR PITS MUST WAIT. WELL? GO ON! DETECT?

I'D HATE TO BUMP INTO THIS BETTY WARE ON A DARK NIGHT! WHAT'S THE FIRST STEP IN CHERCHEZ LA FEMME?



ANDY ROSS LOOKS UP ONE OF BETTY WARE'S OLD CROOK PALS.

HELLO, UKE. HEARD FROM BETTY WARE LATELY?

YOU STILL KNOCKIN' YOURSELF OUT, SHAMUS? GO ON HOME.



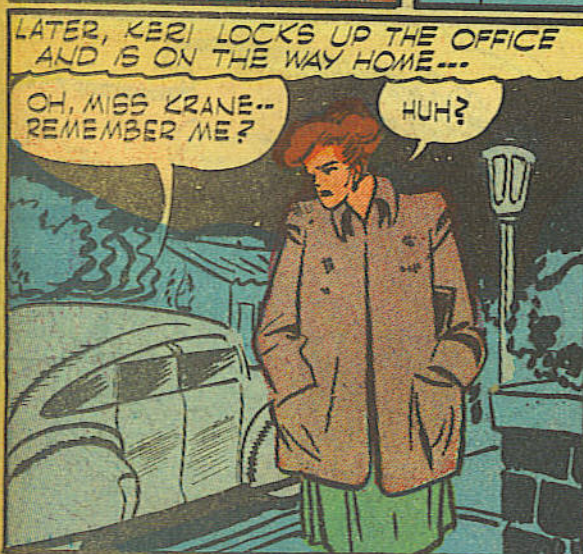
BETTY AND I PARTED WAYS A LONG TIME AGO. AN' IF I SAW HER, I'D PART HER HAIR DOWN THE MIDDLE WITH A CLEAVER.

YOU NEVER WERE ONE FOR NEATNESS, UKE.



AFTER ANDY GOES...

THIS IS UKE. LISTEN... ONE OF KERI KRANE'S EYES WAS HERE AND...



LATER, KERI LOCKS UP THE OFFICE AND IS ON THE WAY HOME---

OH, MISS KRANE-- REMEMBER ME?

HUH?



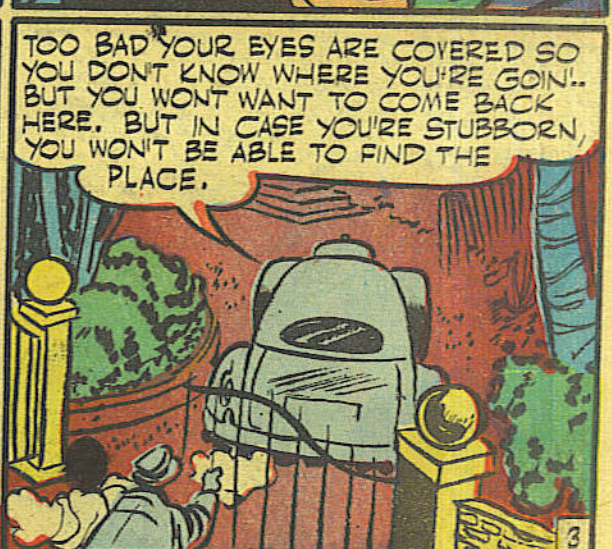
JUST KEEP COOL, SISTER. WE WANT TO INSTILL A COUPLA THINGS IN YOUR HEAD.

NICE NIGHT FOR IT, TOO. YOU CLOSED UP PRETTY LATE TO-NIGHT. YOU KEPT US WAITIN' A LONG TIME.

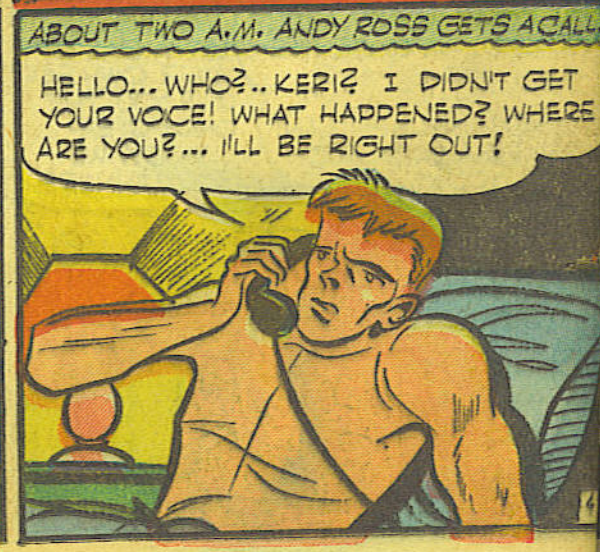
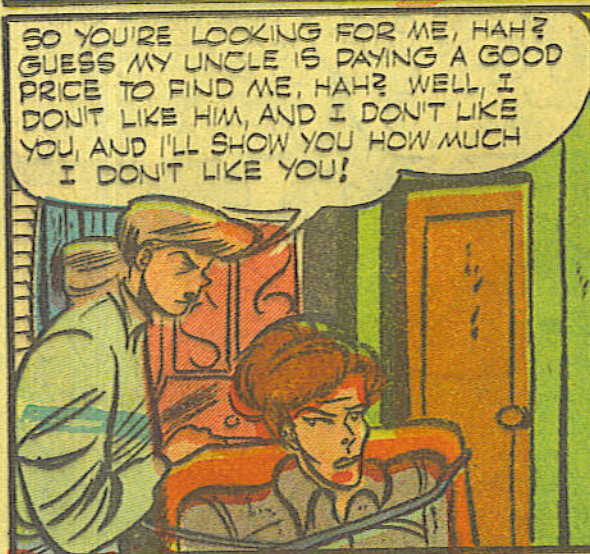
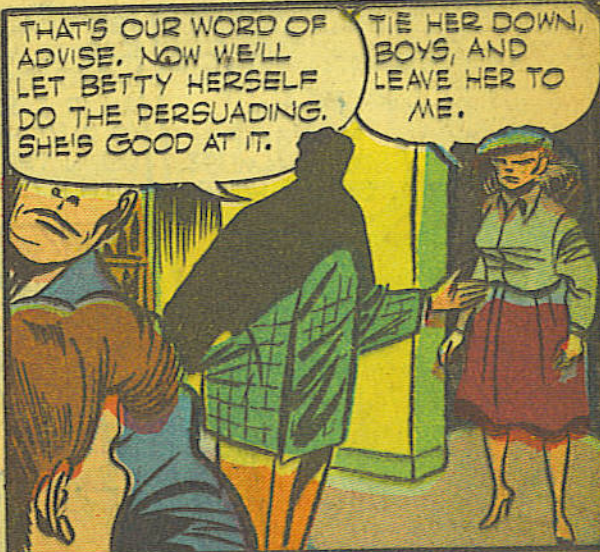


OH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT US, KERI. WE'RE GENTLEMEN THROUGH AND THROUGH. WE WON'T DO NOthin' UNGALLANT TOWARD A LADY SUCH AS YOU.

NAW, WE JUST LET A GAL OF YOUR OWN SEX GIVE YOU THE ONCE-OVER-LIGHTLY. WE GOT MANNERS.



TOO BAD YOUR EYES ARE COVERED SO YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOIN'. BUT YOU WON'T WANT TO COME BACK HERE. BUT IN CASE YOU'RE STUBBORN, YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO FIND THE PLACE.



SHE WOKE US UP AND ASKED IF SHE COULD USE THE PHONE... THEN AFTER SHE CALLED, SHE PASSED OUT.

THANKS FOR EVERYTHING, YOU'RE NOT GETTING MIXED UP IN ANYTHING ILLEGAL, SO DON'T WORRY.



LATER, AT KERI'S APARTMENT...

ANDY--

SHH--TAKE IT EASY, KERI. YOU'VE BEEN OUT A LONG TIME. YOU'RE HOME, AND DOC GRAHAM FIXED YOU UP. I'LL SIT AROUND AND WATCH OVER YOU.



LATE THE NEXT DAY... SO YOU LOCATED BETTY WARE--OR RATHER SHE LOCATED YOU. I'D LIKE TO BREAK HER GOOD! THICK BACK!

THING THAT BURNS ME UP IS THAT I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FIND THAT HOUSE AGAIN.



DID YOU RECOGNIZE ANY OF THE MEN? ANYBODY WE KNOW OR HEARD OF?

NO--THE LIGHT WAS DIM. THERE WAS ONE MAN WHO SEEMED TO BE BOSS...LOUD, CHECKED JACKET. AND...



YES, KERI...WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO REMEMBER?

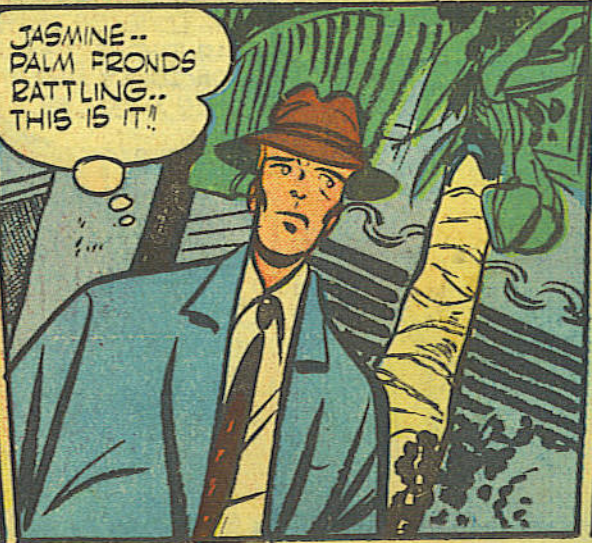
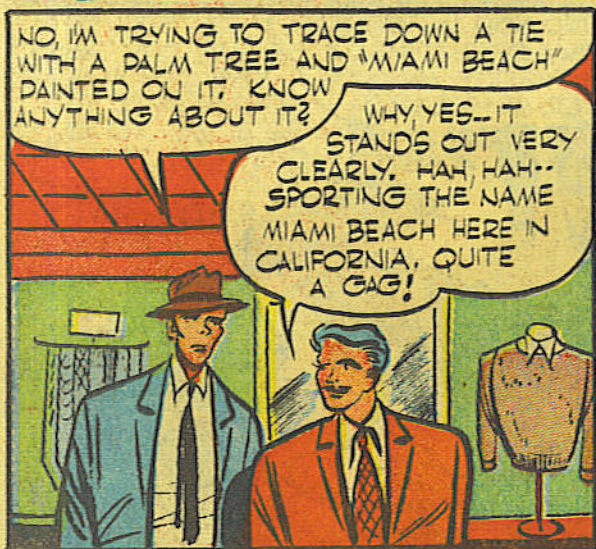
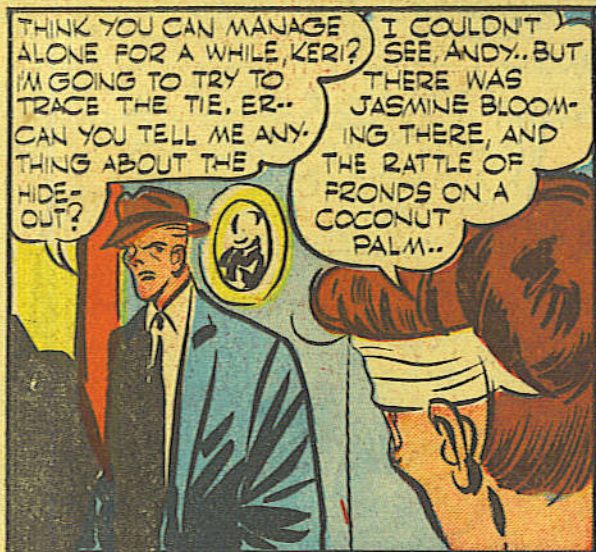
HIS TIE!! THAT'S IT!! HIS TIE!! THE BOY WITH A SENSE OF HUMOR!! HE HAD A HAND-PAINTED TIE... A PALM TREE...



AHH-- LOTS OF GUYS WEAR THOSE TIES-- ESPECIALLY HERE IN LOS ANGELES.

YES ANDY.. BUT THIS TIE HAD MIAMI BEACH WRITTEN ON IT!!





NOW THAT I'M IN, WHAT DO I DO? WHERE DO I GO? THE PLAYROOM--THE BAR--USUALLY AT THE BACK OF THE HOUSE MAYBE I'LL FIND HIM..AND HER.. BACK THERE..



BETTY WARE.. THERE SHE IS! HMM.. HAVE A FUNNY FEELING THAT THIS IS TOO EASY..



ALL RIGHT, SKINNY! STEP IN WHERE THE LIGHT'S BETTER.



WELL, FELLA, WHAT'S GOT YOUR INTEREST IN THIS HOUSE? BREAKING IN IS STRICTLY ILLEGAL, AND I'M PROTECTING MYSELF AND MY HOME. NOT THAT WE DIDN'T SEE YOU PROWLING AROUND OUTSIDE AND CLIMBING IN A WINDOW...



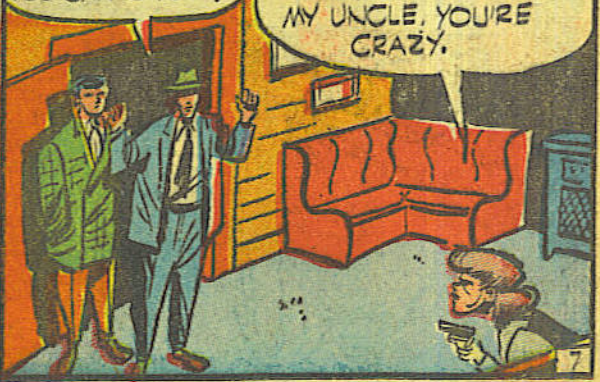
YOU'RE BETTY WARE, I GUESS. WHY DON'T YOU SHUT UP AND SAY WHY DON'T YOU QUIT THIS TOUGH-GIRL STUFF? IT ISN'T GOING TO GET YOU VERY FAR.

BARNEY DON'T LIKE TOO MUCH ROUGH STUFF, BUT I CAN GIVE IT.



SURE YOU CAN GIVE IT.. TIE A GIRL DOWN IN A CHAIR AND GET OUT A WHIP. THAT'S HOW YOU CAN GIVE IT!

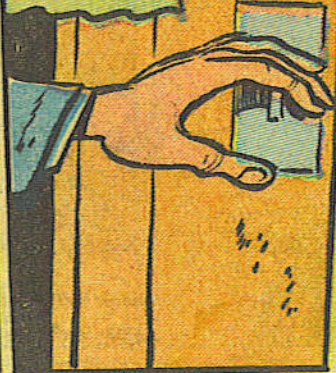
OHH-- SO YOU'RE FROM KERI KRANE, HAH? WELL, IF YOU THINK YOU'RE TAKING ME BACK TO MY UNCLE, YOU'RE CRAZY.



ER...NO...IT'S NOT THAT AT ALL.
I CAME LOOKING FOR A
LITTLE GUY... A GUY ABOUT...
SO HIGH..



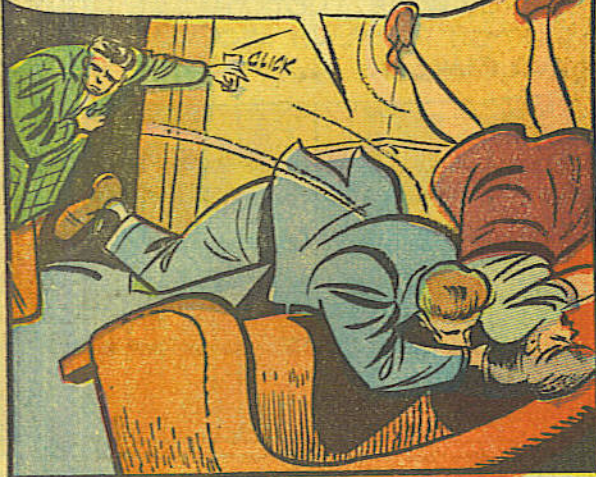
IN INDICATING THE HEIGHT
OF "THE LITTLE GUY",
ANDY'S HAND COMES
DOWN LEVEL WITH THE
LIGHT SWITCH NEXT
TO HIM...



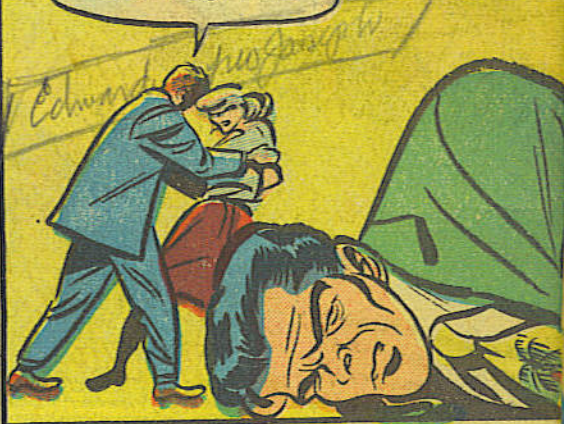
..AND THE ROOM IS
PLUNGED INTO BLACK
DARKNESS...

BANG

PRETTY FAST ON THAT TRIGGER
BETTY.. BUT NO SO ACCURATE!!



LOOKS LIKE YOUR BOY FRIEND WITH
THE FUNNY TIE DOESN'T FEEL SO
GOOD. YOU DID A GOOD JOB IN
GETTING HIM.



..AND IT GOT YOU INTO THE TROUBLE
YOU WERE LOOKING FOR WHEN
YOU JOINED THIS OUTFIT.



SORRY THINGS TURNED
OUT THE WAY THEY DID,
MR. WOODS. YOU KNEW
WHAT YOU WERE TALKING
ABOUT WHEN YOU SAID
SHE WAS NO GOOD.

MY RESPONSIBILITY ENDS.
THANK HEAVEN
NOW THAT SHE
PUT AWAY FOR
LIFE!

